NUMB. CLXXVI.

The SPECTATOR.

Parvula, pumilio, χαριτων μια, tota merum Sal. Luc.

Friday, September 21. 1711.

Here are in the following Letter Matters which I, a Batchelor, cannot be ſuppoſed to be acquainted with; therefore ſhall not pretend to explain upon it till Conſideration, but leave the Author of the to expreſs his Condition his own Way.

SPECTATOR,

I do not deny but you appear in many of your Papers to underſtand humane Life pretty well; but there are very many things which you cannot poſſibly have a true Notion of, in a ſingle Life, which are ſuch as reſpect the married State; otherwiſe I cannot account for your having over-looked a very good ſort of People, which are commonly called in Scorn the *Hen-pecks*. You are to underſtand that I am one of thoſe innocent Mortals, who ſuffer Deriſion under that Word, for being governed by the beſt of Wives. It would be worth your Conſideration to enter into the Nature of Affection it ſelf, and tell us, according to your Philoſophy, why it is that our Dears ſhall do what they will with us, ſhall be froward, ill-natured, aſſuming, ſometimes whine, at others they then ſwoon away, then come to Life, have the Uſe of Speech to the greateſt Fluency imaginable, and then ſink away again, and all becauſe they fear we do not love them enough; that is, the poor things love us ſo heartily, that they cannot think it poſſible we ſhould be able to love them in ſo great a Degree, which makes them take on ſo. I ſay, Sir, a true good-natur'd Man, whom Rakes and Libertines call *Hen-pecks*, muſt fall into all theſe different Moods with his dear Life; and at the ſame time ſee they are wholly put on; and yet not be hard-hearted enough to tell the dear good Creature that ſhe is an Hypocrite. This ſort of good Man is very frequent in the populous and wealthy City of London, and is the true *hen-pecks* Man; the kind Creature cannot break through his Kindneſſes ſo far as to come to an Explanation with the tender Soul, and therefore goes on to comfort her when nothing ails her, to appeaſe her when ſhe is not angry, and to give her his Caſh when he knows ſhe does not want it; rather than be uneaſy for a whole Month, which is computed by hard-hearted Men the Space of Time which a froward Woman takes to come to herſelf if you have Courage to ſtand out.

There are indeed ſeveral other Species of the *Hen-pecks*, and in my Opinion they are certainly the beſt Subjects the Queen has; and for that Reaſon I take it to be your Duty to keep us above Contempt.

I do not know whether I make my ſelf underſtood in the Repreſentation of an hen-pecke Life, but I ſhall take Leave to give you an Account of my ſelf and my own Spouſe. You are to know that I am reckoned no Fool, have on ſeveral Occaſions been tried whether I will take ill Uſage, and yet the Event has been to my Advantage; and yet there is not ſuch a Slave in *Turkey* as I am to my Dear. She has a good Share of Wit, and is what you call a very pretty agreeable Woman. I perfectly doat on her, and my Affection to her gives me all the Anxieties imaginable but that of Jealouſy. My being thus confident of her I take, as much as I can judge of my Heart, to be the Reaſon, that whatever ſhe does, tho' it be never ſo much againſt my Inclination, there is ſtill left ſomething in her Manner that is amiable. She will ſometimes look at me with an aſſumed Grandeur, and pretend to reſent that I have not had Reſpect enough for her Opinion in ſuch an Inſtance in Company. I cannot but ſmile at the pretty Anger ſhe is in, and then ſhe pretends ſhe is uſed like a Child. In a Word, our great Debate is which has the Superiority in Point of Underſtanding. She is eternally forming an Argument of Debate; to which I very indolently anſwer, Thou art mighty pretty. To this ſhe anſwers, All the World but you think I have as much Senſe as your ſelf. I repeat to her, Indeed you are pretty. Upon this there is no Patience; ſhe will throw down any thing about her, ſtamp, and pull off her Head-Cloaths. Fie, my Dear, ſay I; how can a Wo-

‘ a Woman of your Senſe fall into ſuch an intemperate Rage? This is an Argument which never ‘ fails. Indeed, my Dear, ſays ſhe, you make me ‘ mad ſometimes, ſo you do, with the ſilly Way ‘ you have of treating me like a pretty Idiot. ‘ Well, what have I got by putting her into good ‘ Humour? Nothing but that I muſt convince her ‘ of my good Opinion by my Practice; and then I ‘ am to give her Poſſeſſion of my little ready Money, and for a Day and half following diſlike all ‘ ſhe diſlikes, and extol every thing ſhe approves. ‘ I am ſo exquiſitly fond of this Darling, that I ſeldom ſee any of my Friends, am uneaſy in all ‘ Companies till I ſee her again; and when I come ‘ home ſhe is in the Dumps, becauſe ſhe ſays ſhe's ‘ ſure I came ſo ſoon only becauſe I think her ‘ handſome. I dare not upon this Occaſion laugh; ‘ but tho' I am one of the warmeſt Churchmen in ‘ the Kingdom I am forced to rail at the Times, becauſe ſhe is a violent Whig. Upon this we ‘ talk Politicks ſo long, that ſhe is convinc'd I ‘ kiſs her for her Wiſdom. It is a common Practice with me to aſk her ſome Queſtion concerning ‘ the Conſtitution, which ſhe anſwers me in general out of *Harington's Oceana:* Then I commend ‘ her ſtrange Memory, and her Arm is immediately locked in mine. While I keep her in this Temper ſhe plays before me, ſometimes dancing in ‘ the Midſt of the Room, ſometimes ſtriking an ‘ Air at her Spinet, varying her Poſture and her ‘ Charms in ſuch a Manner that I am in continual ‘ Pleaſure: She will play the Fool if I allow her ‘ to be wiſe, but if ſhe ſuſpects I like her for trifling ſhe immediately grows grave.

‘ Theſe are the Toils in which I am taken, and ‘ I carry off my Servitude as well as moſt Men; ‘ but my Application to you is in Behalf of the ‘ *Hen-pecks* in general, and I deſire a Diſſertation ‘ from you in Defence of us. You have, as I am ‘ informed, very good Authorities in our Favour, ‘ and hope you will not omit the Mention of the ‘ renowned *Socrates*, and his philoſophick Reſignation to his Wife *Xantippe*. This would be a very ‘ good Office to the World in general, for the ‘ *Hen-pecks* are powerful in their Quality and Numbers, not only in Cities but in Courts; in the ‘ latter they are ever the moſt obſequious, in the ‘ former the moſt wealthy of all Men. When you ‘ have conſidered Wedlock throughly, you ought ‘ to enter into the Suburbs of Matrimony, and ‘ give us an Account of the Thraldom of kind ‘ Keepers and irreſolute Lovers; the Keepers who ‘ cannot quit their fair ones tho' they ſee their approaching Ruine; the Lovers who dare not marry, tho' they know they ſhall never be happy ‘ without the Miſtreſſes whom they cannot purchaſe on other Terms.

‘ What will be a great Embelliſhment to your ‘ Diſcourſe, will be, that you may find Inſtances of ‘ the Haughty, the Proud, the Frolick, the Stubborn, who are each of them in ſecret downright Slaves to their Wives or Miſtreſſes. I ‘ muſt beg of you in the laſt Place to dwell upon ‘ this, That the Wiſe and Valiant in all Ages have ‘ been *hen-pecks*; and that the ſturdy Tempers who ‘ are not Slaves to Affection, owe that Exemp‘ their being enthraled by Ambition, Avar‘ ſome meaner Paſſion. I have ten thouſand ‘ ſand things more to ſay, but my Wife ſ‘ writing, and will, according to Cuſtom, be‘ ſulted if I do not ſeal this immediately.

Yours,

Nathaniel H‘

ADVERTISEMENTS.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comed‘

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-L‘ to Morrow, being the 22d of September, wil‘ ſented, a Comedy call'd, The Amorous Widow; or, the W‘ Wife. The Part of Lovemore by Mr. Wilks, the Widow M‘ Mrs. Oldfield, Barnaby Brittle by Mr. Dogget, Sir Peter Pride‘ Johnſon, Cunningham Mr. Mills, Merry man Mr. Pa‘ Clodpole. Mr. Bullock, Jeffrey Mr. Pack, Lady Pride Mrs‘ Amorous Widow Mrs. Powell, Philadelphia Mrs. Porter, ‘ Mrs. Bicknell, Prudence Mrs. Saunders.

Chocolate made of the beſt Cracco and ‘ co Nuts, an equal Quantity of each, 2 s. 6 d per Pound; a‘ Nut 3 s. per Pound. Sold by Rob. Fary Druggiſt in Grace‘ ſtreet, where Chocolate-Makers may be furniſh'd with all ‘ Cocoa Nuts.

Notice is hereby given, that in a Vault ‘ Thavis Inn againſt Hatten-Garden in Holborn, are to be ſold‘ tail, new natural Oporto Wine Red and White, imported ‘ Ship Adriacick, at 16d. per Quart without Door, and 18‘ and 16 l. per Hogſhead: And Red Bene Carlos Barcelona ‘ neat, deep, bright, ſtrong, and perfect ſound, at 12d. per ‘ without Door, and 14d. within, and 13 l. per Hogſhead. ‘ aboveſaid Sale of Wines will be continued till all is ſold.

Yeſterday was publiſhed,

The REASONS which induced Her M‘ create the Right Honourable Sir Simon Harcourt a Peer ‘ Britain: Containing the Preamble to his Patent in Latin ‘ gliſh. Printed for E. Curll at the Dial and Bible in ‘ and ſold by J. Morphew near Stationer's-Hall. Price 1‘ may be had the Preamble to the Earl of Oxford's Patent; ‘ Thornhill's Tryal at large for the Murder of Sir Cholmley ‘ Bar. Price 2d. N. B. This Week will be publiſhed the ‘ to the Patents for creating the Lord Raby, Lord Dartm‘ Orrery, Lord Ferrers, and Duke Hamilton.

Juſt Publiſh'd for the Uſe of Schools,

Ovid's Metamorphoſis. The 2d Edition, ‘ Engliſh Notes, by the Author of the PECULIARS. Sold ‘ Guy in Lombard-ſtreet, Bookſeller: And alſo Terence, H‘ and Corderius, with Engliſh Notes, by the ſame Author, ‘ very low Rates for the Benefit of Schools, leſs able to buy ‘ as others are.

Conſumptions of all ſorts radically Cured, by a ſ‘ Elixir peculiarly invented for that Diſeaſe; its wonderful ‘ ſufficiently explodes the erroneous Opinion, that Conſumption‘ curable, ſince it abſolutely retrieves the Patient, though ‘ meer Skeleton; quickly takes off all the Symptoms, as Cough‘ neſs, Wheezing, Shortneſs of Breath, Pain or Weight in the ‘ ting of Blood, ſoreneſs of the Stomach, Throat or Wind-pipe, ‘ tarrhs or Defluxions of ſharp Rheume, and all Preſſical and ‘ Affects, Hectick Fevers, &c. perfectly cures all internal ‘ ſtores all inward Waſtings, Weakneſs and decay of Nature, ‘ Balſamic and Strengthning beyond Comperiſon; it aſſuredly ‘ the firſt Principle, or cauſe of Conſumptions, rectifying the ‘ of Stomach and firſt Paſſages, creating an Appetite, procuring ‘ Digeſtion, reducing the vicious Ferment of the Blood and ‘ recting the Acrid Salts that erode the Lungs, certainly heals ‘ therein, and infallibly curing all ſorts of Conſumptions, tho' ‘ bad, in a very ſhort time to a Miracle. Price 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle ‘ Directions. Sold only at Mr. Osborn's Toyſhop at the Raſ‘ under St. Dunſtan's Church, in Fleet-ſtreet.

The famous Bavarian Red Liquor:

Which gives ſuch a delightful bluſhing Colou‘ the Cheeks of thoſe that are White or Pale, that it is not be‘ guiſhed from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be ‘ al by the neareſt Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the leaſt ‘ but good in many Caſes to be taken inwardly. It renders the ‘ delightfully handſome and beautiful; is not ſubject to be rub‘ like Paint, therefore cannot be diſcovered by the neareſt Friend. ‘ is certainly the beſt Beautifier in the World. Is ſold only at Mr. P‘ Toyſhop, at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard ‘ Cheapſide, at 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle, with Directions.

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